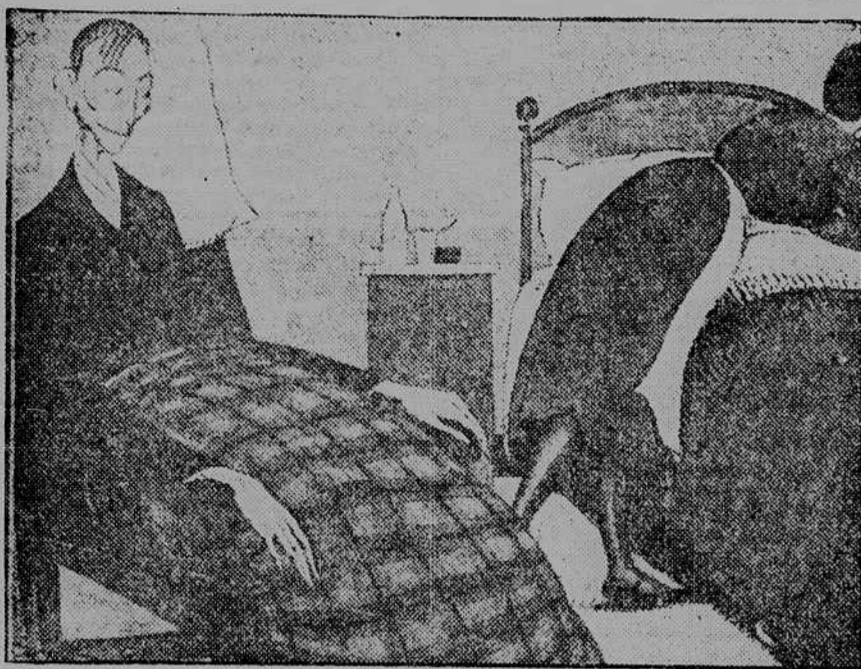
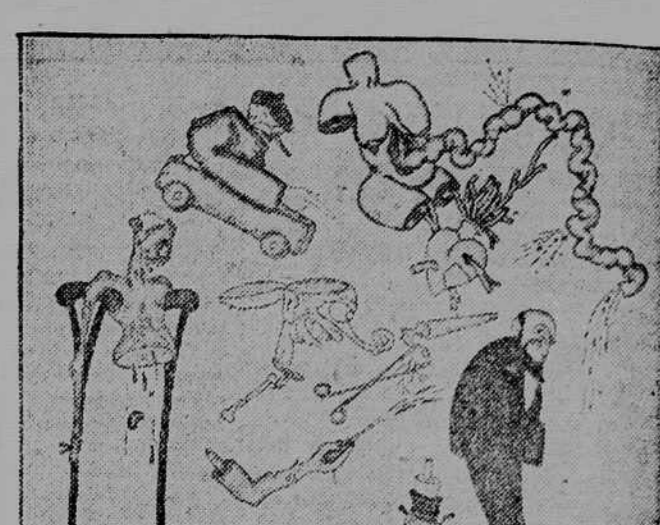


Barcelona Presents a "Second Salon of Humorists"



"The Connalescent," by Prat

(From left to right): "Romantic Company," by Castanyes; "Love That Conquers Love," by "Ele"; "Exotic Lands," by "Ovi"; "The Mayor of Talavera," by Junceda; "The Poor Surgeon," by "Anem"

"LA ESFERA," the leading Spanish periodical on art, in its last issue reproduces a group of pictures that have been awarded prizes at an exposition of humorous drawings being held in Barcelona. Although some Spanish critics are skeptical as to the success of the exposition, the "Esfera" is outspoken in its praise of the works exhibited. It says:

"To the surprise and indignation of some of our critics the success of the Second Salon of Humorists is even more assured than that of the recent Fourth Madrid Exhibition. In the near future the only thing the critics can do is to apply to the authorities to have the opening of the exposition forbidden."

"Meanwhile the majority of the public is agreed that the results of the exhibition

could not have been better. Sixty-eight artists took part in it and 249 pictures were exhibited. The Minister of Provisions, the Royal Artistic Club, the Civil Governor of the Province and many others offered prizes the awarding of which was decided by a committee of judges consisting of the cartoonists Apa, Picarol, Grau Miro and Nogueras Oller.

"The prize offered by the Royal Artistic Club was awarded to Pedro Prat Ubach for his picture entitled 'The Connalescent.' The prize of the Minister of Provisions was given to Luis Elias (Anem) for his 'Poor Surgeon.' The Governor's prize to Federico Borrás (Lotus) for his 'In the Poor District.'

"It is natural that most of the exhibitors were cartoonists and painters from Catalonia. Prominent among them was Anem, the brother of Apa, who exhibited his caricatures called 'The Poor Surgeon' and 'Ro-

manicland'; Brunet, the veteran political cartoonist, with his 'Deluge'; Castanyes, with his 'Romantic Company'; Cornet, another master in the field of political caricature, with his 'Fixed Price of Flour'; Grau Miro, well known for his originality, with his 'Descendant'; Ele, whose 'Love That Conquers Love' brought him much praise; Xavier Gaell, with his 'Lover of the Heart'; Anton Farre, with his 'Spy,' and Junceda, who is the author of 'The Mayor of Talavera'; Ovi, whose cartoons 'New York,' 'Valencia' and 'Nijinsky' brought him almost 50,000 pesetas and who is now exhibiting his 'Exotic Lands.'

"The following Madrid cartoonists were represented: Antequera Azpuri, Manuel Bujados, José Cuesta, Dehesa de Mena, Fresno, Galvan, Gutierrez Laraya, Giraldez, K-Hito, Lloigorri, Masip, Parquet, Pedraza, Ribas and Tito.

"There also participated the following foreign artists: Wilkinson (English), Nurdin, Fleter (French), Ros W. (Argentine) and Tino (Cuban)."



"In the Poor District," by "Lotus"

Keeping Up On the Magazines

The Nouveaux Riches of Industry

IF INDUSTRIAL workers are receiving as big money as it has been rumored they are, what, one may wonder, are they doing with it? In "The Saturday Evening Post" Albert W. Atwood presents some interesting facts and figures relating to this subject, the results of a personal investigation he has been conducting. He reports that—

"Unfortunately far too many workers are not looking ahead, are not preparing for the future. The thought of having to toil for low wages again has not occurred to many of them. They haven't caught the idea that a part of their present big wages should be considered as capital to be put away, to be kept intact, and not to be used as income at all. A shipyard worker making eight dollars a day was recently killed in his automobile on a Sunday afternoon, and it was found that not only did his family have no money to bury him, but that when his wife and two children got home that night there was nothing for them to eat in the house and no money with which to buy food."

And this gives an idea of exactly how the money is spent:

"It is a striking coincidence that in every great industrial center one gets almost identically the same stories or anecdotes about the extravagance of the young working men and women. These stories always relate to clothes and shoes; waists and shoes for the girls and shirts and shoes for the men. Sometimes one hears of whole suits of furs, but waists or shirts and shoes seem to be the great heart's desire of the younger element of working people. In a small coal mining town in Western Pennsylvania it was told that \$40 is a price rather commonly paid for a suit by boys working in the mines, at far below the highest wages, at that."

"Two or three days later I was told almost the same story in one of the big powder centers. Young men would be sized up by the clerks in clothing stores as proper candidates for a \$20 suit, and they would successively refuse, without explanation or any sign of animation, the \$20, \$25 and \$28 brands, only to brighten up and purchase on the spot a suit for \$30 or more the moment it was shown them. Everywhere one hears of the same type of anecdotes in regard to shoes. From the purchaser's appearance a pair at \$150 would be suggested. Result, general apathy and discontent on the part of the purchaser. Finally he would ask timidly for the \$9 pair in the window and remark: 'I guess they're good enough for me.'"

"Apparently our munition, shipbuilding, coal, steel and other war industry centers are having much the same experience with extravagance in dress as the English towns did a couple of years ago. In English munition towns there was a considerable increase also in the sale of jewelry, and curiously enough I have found this to be true near several of the great government arsenals in this country. Evidence of the increase in the sale of jewelry to the workers, however, is nothing so impressive or universal as the proof of an increase in the purchase of expensive clothes."

"The attitude of a young negro worker in a Southern powder plant is only a little bit more exaggerated than that of thousands of young people of lighter color. He was stretched out on a couple of seats in a train one Sunday, and the man sitting just back of him heard this soliloquy:

"'James,' he said as he gazed at his bright yellow shoes and noisy but expensive new

The Rev. Howard Russell, Prohibitionist

IN AN article in "Harper's Magazine" called "Frightfulness Against the Saloon," Burton J. Hendrick describes briefly the career of the man who, he says, is mainly responsible for the progress of the prohibition movement:

"Like all great temperance leaders the Rev. Howard H. Russell had personal reasons for abhorring the saloon. He had no such lurid past as John B. Gough, who had spent his early life as an apparently hopeless drunkard, or Francis Murphy, who had been a saloonkeeper, and as such had done time for illegal selling; yet Mr. Russell, in his platform speeches, has frequently described his early difficulties with the drink habit, and has made no secret of the ravages which it had worked among his relatives and antecedents. When he first appeared as a prohibition advocate, however, Mr. Russell showed no traces of these struggles; in 1893 he was a neatly accoutred clergyman of thirty-eight, a graduate of

Oberlin, and a man of more than local fame as a revivalist and temperance exhorter. His previous existence had been somewhat varied; he had been a farmer, a clerk in a country store, a school teacher, a cattle herder, a newspaper editor, a lawyer, a politician, a preacher and a city missionary. He had drawn from all these divergent experiences the one controlling passion of his life—a hatred of the saloon. In all his occupations this institution had been the big fact that had constantly faced him."

"As a lawyer he had spent a large part of his time fighting illegal sellers; as a newspaper editor and politician he had gained much information, which he afterward put to practical use, concerning the relation that had always existed between the whiskey interests and politics. The event that determined his life work came in Mr. Russell's twenty-seventh year, when he underwent a sudden religious conversion. Mr. Russell had never done anything half-way, and now, from an easy-going, easy-living, careless 'good fellow' having half-interest in his religious welfare, and a not infrequent visitor to the saloon, he immediately became what most people would probably describe as a 'fanatic.' A course at Oberlin fitted Mr. Russell for the ministry. Even before his graduation he traveled through small Ohio towns, holding revival meetings. Afterward, in Kansas City,

he held evangelistic services in a huge circus tent, and he used to go from house to house, like a book agent, canvassing for converts. Mr. Russell represented precisely that type of religious leader that was plentiful in the Middle West at that period. The man of the time probably regarded him as an extremely commonplace, inexperienced, even a ridiculous figure. Practically every city in the United States had Mr. Russell's counterpart, working as 'city missionary,' holding itinerant revival meetings, here and there picking a drunkard out of the gutter, now and then placing a degraded family on its feet."

"But Mr. Russell has certain characteristics that lift him above the commonplace. Above all, he had one definite idea. His success consisted in the fact that he discovered an entirely new and practical way of fighting the saloon."

"Sportsmen"

ARTHUR RUHL, back in France again, begins in the current "Colliers" a new series of articles from the Western front. This first, called "American Islands in France," has to do with the gigantic American organization that has been built up on the other side. Incidentally is related the following bit of

conversation with a French woman that throws interesting light on the French popular conception of the characteristics of the American soldier:

"A sweet-faced woman in black, without a hat, and with her little boy, sat down on the bench beside me, and the youngster, with the polite but rather evident intention of being heard, began to read aloud from a phrase book: 'Good—morning—sir—r-r! How—are—you?' So we had a lesson, and afterward strolled along under the trees. The mother was the wife of a printer, too old for military service, but her elder son would soon be called up and most of her relatives were at the front. She spoke with a gentle precision which seemed to fit the reputation of Tours—of the way the war dragged on, the cost and scarcity of everything—'it's not living,' she said, with a tired smile."

"I asked how it seemed to have their old town so overrun with strangers—if there weren't, perhaps, too many of us. No, she said, she found the Americans very pleasant, and they were all such fine, strong-looking young soldiers. Maybe it would be good for their old France to be stirred up a bit. It would be good for their boys—they, too, might grow up to be sportsmen."

"The French boys are already learning, and in villages where our men have been

stationed long enough to settle down a bit you will see small boys battling flies and streaking around bases as if they really understood and liked it. And our men are also learning, lessons in thrift, if nothing else. And while it is hard for American soldiers to be economical, one every now and then runs across an officer trying to pound the idea in, and saving all the old boxes instead of making bonfires of them. The French method of cutting down trees, with even the smallest twigs saved and done up in neat bundles, is certainly an object lesson to some of our enlisted lumbermen."

"Le sport" has been talked about a good deal in France of late years, but it was rather more talked about than practiced, and it may be that the example of our men will help to make it a more permanent reality. There are continual editorials and letters to the papers urging the importance of making boys as fit in body for the test of war as the French have shown themselves fit in soul. Frenchwomen are reminded that, while they are the tenderest of mothers, they sometimes have a false idea of their duty and insist on bringing up their boys in cotton wool."

"Nearly every reference to our troops is accompanied with comment on their vigor and liteness, the hard lives we have been used to; and the conviction that we are all a race of athletes is so universal that one really feels as if one ought to slip

out and run around the Bois every morning, lest this almost touching confidence in our prowess should some day suffer disillusion."

A Picture of Soviet Russia

"WHILE America's attitude toward the situation in Russia is still in the formative stage," Charles Johnston writes in "The North American Review," "I think that I can render a substantial service to public opinion here by transcribing a picture of the Russia with which we must deal, as painted by a Frenchman of great insight and literary power, one of those extraordinarily lucid minds whose 'clear and critical spirit' Clemenceau once described in a happy epigram."

The Frenchman referred to is Serge de Chessin, and he calls his description "The evening twilight of a capital." Mr. Johnston writes:

"He begins by drawing a vivid comparison between dying Petrograd and one of those winter scenes so affected by Russian artists, in which their tendency toward tragical decay expresses itself; miserable villages wrapped in snow, vague silhouettes of churches in the white immensity, a village road scarred by ruts, losing itself in the infinitude of the dead streets."

"Is not the aspect of the streets the truest mirror of a political regime? he asks, and then he draws a telling contrast between the stately vistas of Petrograd, even in the weeks before the revolution, and the ghastly squalor of Soviet Petrograd. But even under the magnificent stage setting mounted by the Czars lay concealed the incurable neurosthenia of a people without moral or social resistance, the brutalities of an illiterate proletariat, its anarchical fermentation, all the ugly things which the muttering revolution was preparing to bring forth. These things have to-day come to the surface. One would say that, under the murky sky, was passing a procession of dead souls. The dull eyes, the heavy faces, the stooping figures announce a frightful apathy. For many hours, for whole days and nights, men, women and children with empty baskets on their arms, waiting, bent and haggard, before the shops. Sometimes exhaustion triumphs over these mournful efforts of endurance, and the victim falls, dying of starvation under the hallucinated eyes of an indifferent crowd. After the crises of epilepsy which have convulsed the capital, nothing any longer creates astonishment, neither coffins heaped in dozens on a mud cart, nor their way to the common ditch, nor the food speculators dragged along the streets wearing under their skins a placard: 'I am a thief!' nor the everlasting rattle of rifles, nor the daily lynchings, where the lamp-post takes the place of the gallows, nor the ladies of old nobility selling newspapers, nor generals picking up crusts, nor the carrion rotting on the sidewalks. 'Panis et circenses!' The crowds of Petrograd, incurable after so many circus shows, ask now only for bread and a little rest. Their political stupor is so complete that, during the tragical days of the German offensive, when the shrieking of sirens announced the mobilization of the Red Guard and enemy airplanes burst over the city, the crowds continued, deaf to all national or revolutionary convulsions, their eternal sentry march before the food shops. This nightmare nihilism was unbroken even by the signature of a catastrophe peace. While Russia was being crucified the crowd continued to huddle over its rotten herrings and unspeakable bread. In the external aspect, as in its spirit, the capital of the militant revolution, the hearth of world socialism, recalls those wretched Russian provincial towns engulfed in coma which Gorky had described with such mortal sadness."

The Romance of Louise Rosier

By H. Bezancon

Translated by WILLIAM L. McPHERSON

Copyright, 1918, New York Tribune Inc.

Here is a war story which is modestly and candidly sensational. It betrays no subtlety. It is straightforward in its appeal. Yet it reflects interestingly a certain alteration of the French mind in the matter of sentimental attachments—a greater freedom from old conventions and a more generous cultivation of romance which the war has brought about. The relations between men and women have become simpler and more genuine as a result of the pressure of common emotions and sacrifices. The godmother and the soldier's correspondent have opened new trails of romantic experience. And the France of the war period is perhaps the better and richer for that.

"Well, mother, dear, I shall be frank with you. My dream is that of Molière's *Henriette*: 'A good husband, children, a home.' At the orphan school I have sixty little ones to look after. I would rather have three or four of my own."

"Alas, my dear, without dot or relatives that is a difficult matter."

"So I wished to have all the chances on my side. Fearing your scruples, I answered, without consulting you, an advertisement in which a young officer from the invaded regions asked for a correspondent. Very quickly we have established a bond of sympathy. He is not only a good man, but well educated and full of feeling. All the letters I have had from him in the last six months are in the little chest in my bedroom. And when you have read them—"

"But the photograph?"

"He asked me for one very insistently. And since that moment we have been in a way engaged."

"Without my knowledge!"

"But you see, mother," Louise pleaded earnestly, "the engagement is conditional. Jean Carnac ought to get a furlough almost any time. So you will meet him."

"And the photograph, in the meantime?"

"Well, it is next to the heart of a good man—"

"Next to his heart?"

"He wrote me that in his last letter," the pretty blonde confessed, blushing a little.

Two weeks later a visitor discreetly rang the bell of the Rosier apartment. Louise, opening the door, saw before her a tall, dark-complexioned man, whose handsome black eyes had a soft and serious expression and who wore elegantly his horizon-blue uniform.

She was so excited that in the caller's few words the name of Jean Carnac was all that she heard distinctly.

"Come in, please, monsieur; I shall be happy to present you to my mother."

It was only when they found themselves all three in the little salon that Louise noticed the empty sleeve hanging at the young man's side.

"Oh!" she murmured, "you have lost an arm and I knew nothing about it!"

"Why should my friend have informed you of so common an accident?" he answered, with a melancholy smile.

"To you I was an unknown. But, unfortunately, I have a precious remembrance to deliver to you, mademoiselle," he added, presenting Louise with a little package, which she undid at once, not without difficulty.

"My letters! My photograph!"

Mme. Rosier could not repress a shudder at the sight of those articles, convicting her daughter of a great imprudence. But, an instant later, she felt her prepossessions against this suitor, with his frank and loyal countenance, vanishing into thin air.

"Monsieur," she said, "I believe that I comprehend the scruples to which you

have yielded. But I know my daughter well enough to be sure that your glorious sacrifice cannot influence her except in your favor."

There was a brief silence, during which the mother and daughter saw a certain feeling of surprise reflected in the young man's eyes. Meanwhile he gazed at Louise with an admiration so tender that no one could doubt the sentiment which animated him.

"Offer M. Carnac a chair," Mme. Rosier added, noticing for the first time that they had all remained standing.

"Will not monsieur take a cup of tea?"

A slight blush of embarrassment colored the young man's cheeks.

"Ladies," he said, "I see that you are laboring under a misapprehension. I am not Jean Carnac. I told mademoiselle that I had come in his stead."

"Ah," said Louise, "you are, no doubt, the friend of whom he spoke so often in his letters—M. Marboy."

He nodded his head.

"But, since you come in his stead, has he been seriously wounded?"

A grave silence was his only answer.

"Is he dead?"

"Alas! It is a brother I mourn in him."

"Poor young man!" sighed Mme. Rosier, without knowing to which of them she should address her sympathy. She regretted, for her part, that the false Jean Carnac was not the true one.

As for Louise, she remained for a minute silent and chagrined—but, too honest to feign a grief which the loss of a fiancé whom she had never known could not inspire in her, and yielding—she, too—to the sympathetic charm of the man who had brought her this sad news.

"Mademoiselle," he began again, feelingly, "I still have to deliver to you this letter of Jean's, which I shall ask you to read aloud to your mother."

"I am mortally wounded, my dear and beautiful correspondent. The dream which I have dreamed can never be realized. But I have a confession to make to you. Your letters, so spontaneous and so sincere, so courageous and so tender, the charming letters of a true Frenchwoman, have been read over my shoulder by another. By my friend, Pierre Marboy, from whom I have no secrets."

"Like myself, he has felt the seduction of your correspondence and your photograph. Receive him as my other self—my better self. In civil life, to which he is returning, he is an instructor—one of those who understand the nobility of that modest rôle and who labor with love to form the souls of the children of France. Besides that, a poet of talent, a laureat of the Academy. Adieu, Louise, the fiancé of my dreams!"

Suffering and feebleness had plainly abridged the letter, the signature to which was written in a trembling hand. Again there was a brief silence.

"Do you permit me to hope?" murmured Pierre Marboy, whose look enveloped Mlle. Rosier like a respectful caress.

"Monsieur," said the young teacher, lifting her eyes, "that letter is a sentimental bequest. I have never seen Jean Carnac. That will facilitate the illusion of finding him again in you."

She turned to consult her mother with a look. But the latter had already vanished to prepare the traditional "cup of tea."